

Lake Avrie Farm.
Stockbridge, Mass.

July 26, 1905.

Dear Fanny,

I thank you for your letter, and I apologize for not replying to a previous letter more promptly. I was not without sympathy for you in your troubles with the brown tails. I am glad that there is any relief. This habit of mine of only writing letters in the office and never at home is a bad one, for in Summer I ^{am} constantly interrupted.

Arthur was in the County with Senator Cranis friends, but they did not come through Stockbridge on their auto-cars, ^{"Cars"} Justice they are called now, and there are more cars passing our farm-house than carriages. I could hear the Glidden party passing the other morning, twenty or thirty different cars a little after 6 A. M. I am always in terror when I meet them, as one can never tell what a horse will do. Arthur & Nan have given up their European trip because of the appointment of a Legislative Committee

on inland which sits during the summer, ^(doubtful word)
and have gone on a short trip through Canada.

Nelley has only just got her curtains up, after some ~~or~~ necessitating delays with a carpenter screams or. But now that the house is in order and she has less to do she is more discontented, as it is very lonely then. I was afraid of this, with her numerous ailments and extreme deafness. Hannah, fortunately, is a good, well meaning, conscientious girl, but, in acquirement, not what is expected. She is at Pittsfield to day with one of the neighbors maids, who is more deaf than Nelly. Her name is Kate, but Hannah, or Anna, which is her real name I think pronounces it Keete, just as I spell it. The first time we had soup she brought it to the table in a pitcher. We are just through haying after having perfect weather for it. I enjoy the farm and the rest, but I have the change, which Nelly does not have.

I read a book I liked very much by Thos Dixon Jo., but I forget the title, something about "Living - Country Life, finally settling in the South. At the same time I had Mrs. Rogers (or Roger) A. Pryor: Reminiscences of the South ⁱⁿ the War time.

There was a story in the last Smart Set by Mrs. Burton Harrison called "The Carlyles" which brings in Wellington Smith's iron deer and dogs on his lawn. Not that she mentions his name but I can see where she got the idea in driving.

through Lee from sense. I met him at the last meeting of the directors of the Bulchin Life Inst. I think these Commissions paid by the Cos to their agents are absurd. The Pres read a letter from a Western Agent, in which he said, or wrote, that he was losing business because he could not compete with another Man. & which was paying Commission of 80%. which is unlawful. I believe that I ~~am~~ saw from what was said that something approaching that was paid so that when I paid that poor Pittsfield minister \$1750, say, he got probably \$1200. As others paid him much larger sums the fact that he has appeared so prosperous since those days is not strange. He could not earn anything like that preaching. I asked what would happen if people were left to buy insurance as they did or do, groceries & the pres ^{said} the C. would have to go out of business. Our Ice Commission, Cuthery, is just out with a lot of unnecessary language with which we are already surcharged. I wonder if it is true that, Ida Tarbell formerly lived in Wolfebellers family and was under obligations to him.

I notice that Chas. Jerome Bonaparte who took rooms for the summer at Lee he changed to the Sepinewall at Newse, which is something like. I

I wonder how he happened to go to sea.
There is a good hotel there now the Grunwick.
Did I write to you about going one day to Shadow
Brook Inn - the old Stokes place? Quite a
palace. I am sorry the Doctor ran down
during the hot weather, but I can imagine
that it was hard for him. You speak of the
erythema. I thought it was gone but lately
there are symptoms of it. I would like to
part with it for good. I hope you are
both better with cooler weather and enjoying it.

I wish you were all near at hand where
we could see you. With love to Doctor and you,
affectionately yours,

D. A. Kendall.